Elf

Marcus

Whilst I think,
And sit and dream within the forest,
soft footfall comes up behind me,
as I think.
A soft cool hand touches my shoulder
and whispers like the wind enter my ear.
Her perfume precedes her words,
her intentions reflected ,
in the calming mist.
Like dust, sleep overcomes me,
as soft secrets fill my thoughts,
the hand releases its elfin grip,

And I drift into sleep...

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Quote of the moment:

I didn't claw my way to the top of the food chain to eat vegetables!

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